

The Latest International Episode

A Real "GIRL FROM PARIS"
Contretemps in Real Life.

America Magazine

SUPPLEMENT OF THE
NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER

OCT. 16, 1898

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W. R. HEARST

Mrs. Goelet
SENDS FOR
PROPRIETOR
AND DEMANDS
THE POUGY
APARTMENTS

THE
PROPRIETOR
NOTIFIES
DE POUGY
SHE MUST
VACATE AT
ONCE



Mlle. de Pougy
THE FAMOUS FRENCH BEAUTY

PHOTO BY
NADAR, PARIS

How America's Richest Widow,
Mrs. Ogden Goelet,
DECKRONED
Liane de Pougy,
The Greatest Beauty in Paris.

MRS. OGDEN GOELET has stirred up the international world of fashion by having Liane de Pougy, the noted French actress and the most famous professional beauty of Paris, expelled from Ritter's aristocratic hotel at Homburg. While Mlle. Pougy set out for her Autumnal sojourn at Homburg to take the waters she engaged the suite of rooms that had just been vacated by Mrs. Mackay, of America. It was, of course, the choicest suite in the hotel. It fronted the Kursaal, and looked both ways, like Janus. Mrs. Goelet, the wealthiest widow in New York, arrived a day after the instalment of Liane de Pougy. Liane de Pougy's jewels, by the way, are almost as fine as Mrs. Mackay's, and far more famous than Mrs. Ogden Goelet's. Mrs. Goelet was forced to "camp out" in meaner rooms two floors above, which had the sun only once in the day, while the beautiful Pougy occupied the finest suite in the house, with the sun twice. Mrs. Goelet threatened to withdraw her vast American patronage from the hotel if the French Queen of Beauty was not forced to leave at once and give up her apartments. The situation was further complicated by the high station of Liane de Pougy's admirers and friends, among them the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Henry of Orleans, Lord Carnarvon and Lord Onslow. But the Queen of Millions won, and the Queen of Beauty had to go. It is all an Arabian Nights' entertainment of international complications, and is given in full in the following chapters:

Mrs. Goelet's Version of the Affair.
(From one of Mrs. Goelet's party.)

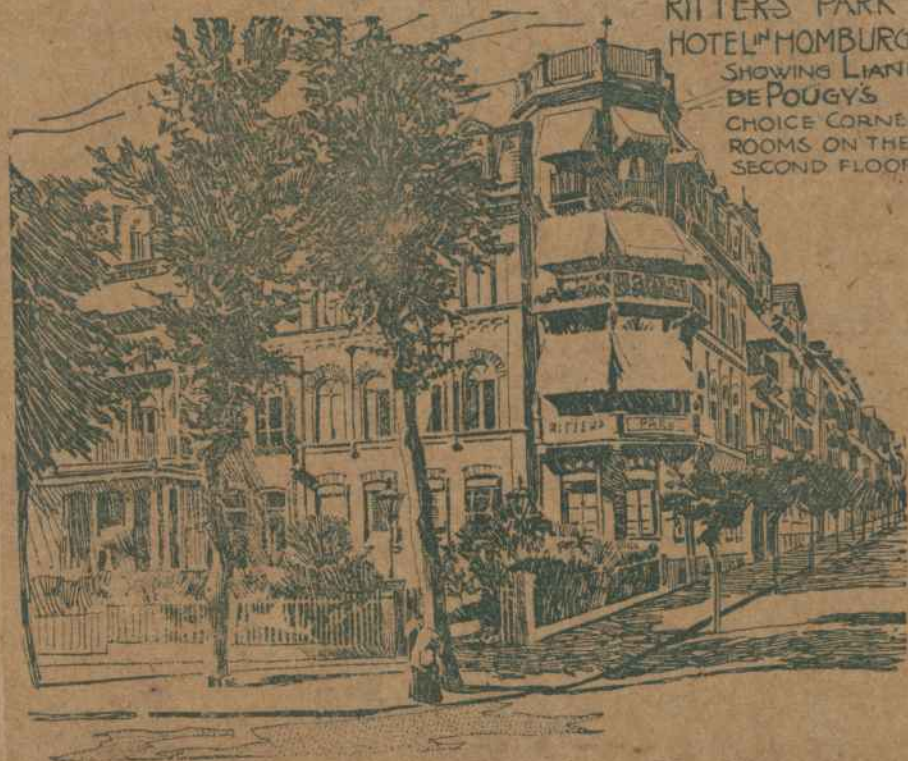
LONDON, Oct. 14.

AS TO this Mlle. Pougy, Mrs. Goelet knows nothing. Upon our arrival at Homburg, the most desirable suite of rooms in Ritter's Park Hotel, which we had telegraphed to have reserved for the Goelet party, was found to be occupied. It was strange because the vacancy of Mrs. Mackay was to coincide with our occupancy. Through the blunder the apartments in question were allotted to somebody else. Mrs. Goelet was obliged to take inferior rooms in the upper part of the house. Mrs. Goelet merely insisted on receiving what she felt entitled to. She did not make a long stay at Homburg, and then came to London. She is now occupying Warwick House in London. It all seems to be a distressing piece of reclamation—sensational advertisement—for a woman with a past.

Liane de Pougy's Version of the Affair.
By Liane de Pougy.

TO W. R. HEARST, EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

PARIS, Oct. 14.—The facts are simply these: This Madame Goelet is decidedly parvenue. It is very apparent she has much money, but she has no taste. That is also even more apparent.



She and her daughter wear feathers early in the morning. Imagines you! Thing of it! I should never dream of dressing except in the simplest manner before 4 in the afternoon and would never put on a jewel before dinner. But your American fine lady! What a droll type! You can never classify American women.

Well, in a few words, it was all jealousy. She was jealous because I had the finest apartment in the hotel. So I did. Why shouldn't I? M. le Proprietaire was an desespoir. But this Transatlantique was persistent; so persistent. Do you know she threatened to Monsieur to ruin his hotel. She would appeal to all her American friends and they would all withdraw their patronage. So what could he do, poor man!

Of course, all the papers have taken up the incident. Even my friends availed me nothing—the Duke of Cambridge, nor Prince Henri, Prince Henri d'Orleans. But all those stories of Madame Goelet being jealous of my acquaintance with the Duke of Cambridge are so ridiculous. He is charming, but he was born in 1819.

No, it was the rooms I was in she wanted, and so I was put out to please her and her millionaire friends. She may have been jealous of my dresses, as some of the French papers say. I don't know. I always dress so simply.

The Comments of Edgar Saltus.

MRS. OGDEN GOELET is reported as having caused Liane de Pougy to be shown the door of the Ritter Park Hotel, at Homburg. That door is quite pretty. It is the entrance to the best inn in the place. It is also its exit. When shown to this young person its pretensions did not impress her. But that is a detail. The point concerns Mrs. Goelet. Here is a lady who loves peace but prefers victory. After conquering the selectest sections of the new world and of the old, now the half world retreats before her. It makes one think of Alexander. In any event there is American supremacy. But that, too, is a detail. The facts alone are important. Here they are:

Mrs. Goelet, arriving recently at Homburg, wished the best suit of rooms in the best hotel. That is only natural. It is the best alone to which Mrs. Goelet is accustomed. Her husband, who died a trifle over a year ago, if less wealthy than Croesus, was much better off than Monte Cristo. He had money enough to put Spain on her feet. The fashion, too, in which he spent it was quite Hidalgo and entirely grandee. His residence at No. 608 Fifth Avenue was fitted in a manner beside which many a palace would seem cheap. The summer home which he had at Newport is seductive as a seraglio and big as a bazaar. In Europe his companions were royals. When his yacht, the Whyte Ladye, was in commission, his guests came from the neighborhood of thrones. The Mayflower, the yacht on which he died, has been regarded as a boat more crack than the Czar of Russia's Polar Star. But on ship, as on shore, if his wealth was apparent, so, too, was his taste. The one came from his grandfather, the other from his wife.

The former, Peter Goelet, was a farmer. What he cultivated is immaterial. His farm is the reverse. It extended from Broadway to the East River and from where the Windsor Hotel is to within a few rods of Union Square. Parcels of it have been sold, but other parcels have been added. With a single exception it constitutes to-day the most valuable property owned by any one family in town. Of it the late Mr. Goelet inherited the larger share.

Twenty years ago Miss May Wilson became his wife. This lady, whose brother afterward married an Astor and whose sister married Cornelius Van derbilt, Jr., is the daughter of Richard T. Wilson, a local millionaire originally from Georgia. In view of all of which it is not surprising that Mrs. Goelet

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